Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſsible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faultes;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily?
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption benig tane from vs.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN L